

HEADS UP

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Monday, April 7, 1919

Vol. II

"And leaves the earth to darkness and to me"

No. 84

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea
The plowman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the earth to darkness and to me."



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HEADS UP

Published daily, except Monday, at U. S. Army Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Richmond College, Va.

STAFF

General Manager.....Corp. Hanson
Circulation Manager.....Pvt. Dunning
Staff Correspondent.....Pvt. Midkiff
Staff Cartoonists.....Dunning and Hanson

AND

Everybody on the Post.

Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "Heads Up."

Don't judge a man by the noise he makes—the poorest machinery often creaks the loudest.



"Into the night go one and all."

Our race is run and we make our last record fittingly enough with a bleak, cold, out-of-season autumnal wind, coming against our window pane from off the slopes which we know so well. With it is a chilling, dismal rain that causes our birdie—the little one that you have heard chirping to us and to you from time to time—to huddle down on the window sill head down, dejected, with feathers all adrip. The hills and slopes are empty and the night has been vieing with the day in the heartless endeavor to accentuate the empty loneliness of the dear old "hereabouts" we were wont to feature. What with the grayness of this particular day and the emptiness of the slopes, the memory ghosts, refuse to lay and seem to be punching the ghost clock for extra time. This particular ten A. M. finds us looking out the window over "our birdie" through the drizzle and over the slopes at the shades of the now "elsewherers." It is our turn now to join the caravan and leave the once haughty and braggart "Heads Up" to the memory and mercy of our little birdie, on the window sill. Please notice that into the outergone and among the elsewherers

ARE

Corporal "Heads Up" Hanson, Pvt. Cartoonist Dunning, Pvt. Midkiff, and Corporal Shankweiler. Captain Slattery has outergone as well, and so, kind and patient readers of "Heads Up" herein and with this number, as the curtain is dropped, accept our fervent thanks for your kind consideration and our farewell tears. If you miss us, know well that

we miss you more, for we have watched and loved. Adieu! Our evening is here, so your last (30) copy is delivered at night. ADIEU!

ORDEFS ARE ORDERS.

And the last order came in four days ago, ordering to Newport News, Lt. Fegan and his entire command, Capt. Repp, Capt. Morgan and Capt. Slattery. Still here will remain Major Galbreath, the C. O., Capt. Methenv, Lts. Walsh, Walke and Bruns, and the Quartermaster Department, Sgt. Hollister, Sgt. Bachman, Sgt. Webb, and three Medical Privates remain as well. And so as we have often quoted, "Things change as all things human change."

AND STILL WHISTLING THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD.

We re-iterate "Heads Out but Never Down," meaning that dear old Pop Conway visited the post Saturday and recalled the fact that when he joined up with the Army he was assigned a large room in Officer's Quarters and asked, after noticing the size of the room, how much the room rent would be. We know this for a fact, for the guffaw that he got answered the same question that we were about to ask on our own account.

STILL WHISTLING.

We record that we got Repp out on the golf course before we left, and herewith brag that we beat him three up as we promised him we would do. (The promise was for the bragging, not for the beating.)

SPEAKING OF WHISTLING INCLUDE A WHISTLING BASEBALL.

Medics Bow to Q. Mers.—Win 14 to 4 in Seven Innings.

An acient grudge was renewed Sunday afternoon over on Bull Hollow and the wheel and key men, after having been consistently beaten by the Medics in times past, got their revenge right on the eve of the departure of the Medics. In behalf of the Caducean standard bearers of Sunday we will say that they were only a shell of their old base ball strength. They went out unpracticed and with line-up incomplete, and stood up and took their lacing like the game gang that they are.

As to the history of the game the Q.

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Mers scored one or more runs in every inning up to the sixth with all the gang mauling McKee and Bowen's offerings hard. Bixler stopped them in the sixth and seventh, but this was too late. In the meantime Whitney the Duke pitched masterful ball and allowed the Medics to score only in the fifth and seventh. The interest and spirit of the game was greater than the score indicates.

Here's the way the wheel ran over the Serpent:

Medics 0 0 0 0 1 0 3 0— 4
Q. Mers. 2 3 2 1 6 0 0 x—14

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HOLLERINGS FROM THE HOLLOW.

Attendance—Two Umpires, five soldiers,, and one dog.

Sharkey don't look the lady's man; but he was over in the old coop with fowls every chance he got.

Rowe is the best ball player we've seen around these parts, save possibly the old Krets.

Moore had a hard day but was game.

Whitney did more to make your Cole a regular fellow than Cole can ever pay him for.

Umpires Kelly and Fegan served well.

Haas do hit 'em well, but he gets those old ice tongs legs twisted up.

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MR. MORRISON OF THE Y. M. C. A.

Has expressed to this paper and through it, to the post a fine, manly considerate appreciation. In it he has thanked the post and the Red Cross, and particularly Mr. Johnson of the latter organization for his reception here. Good luck to you, Mr. Morrison, we wish that we had seen more like you.

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Our Staff Poet has that sneaky feeling too.

ALL DRINK.

Heads Up, in body dies today,
And lies in a state of motley clay.
But its life lives on, in the readers' heart,
To nourish fond memories that will ne'er depart.

—C. Midkiff.

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NEWS OF THE DAY.

Cpl. N'ck C. Stauffer has packed up, and his entire baggage consists of base ball gloves and a walking stick.

Cpl. Rowe was heard singing, "The end of a perfect day."

Ezra was overheard saying "Shall I take her with me, or shall I not?"

Sgt. Albzt says, "Yes, I'm out in time to move."

Mr. Schofield extends to everyone that is leaving, a fond farewell.

Mr. J. E. Pleasants acting State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. delivered a splendid address at the "Y" recreation room last night.

A splendid entertainment at the "Y" recreation room TONIGHT.

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April 5, 1919.

Editor, "Heads Up,"

U. S. Debark. Hospital, No. 52.

Dear Editor:—As the curtain is about to be drawn on old Debark. 52, and the printer is about to publish the farewell copy of dear old "Heads Up," please allow me the liberty of saying a few words in reference to my long and extremely pleasant associations with this organization. I joined this organization or at least what was then a part of this organization, at Dansville, New York, on March 9, 1918, coming from Fort Jay, Governors Island, N. Y. I have been with it ever since, watching it grow from its infancy to the big sturdy man that it finally got to be, and now I am seeing it pass into oblivion. I rather hard, is it not, after such close associations with the best lot of men in the U. S. A., to have to part with these boys, all of whom are, or at least I hope they are, my friends? My one large and fervent wish in life is that I may meet all of them again after we are all out of the service, which we have served so well, and be able to renew our old friendship again. As the buk of the Medical Detachment is leaving Tuesday for Hampton, Virginia, I am staying behind to help close the old post which we have all loved. My sincere wish is that when I am transferred I may land again amongst the old boys that have "soldiered" here with me.

And before I close, just a few words in reference to "Heads Up." Please accept my hearty congratulations on the splendid work that this paper has done. The

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boys of the outfit looked for "Heads Up" every morning as regularly and with as much interest as they looked for their breakfast. It certainly has been a wonder-working oracle upon the morale of this command. Accept my hearty congratulations, all of you, from Captain Slattery, Corporal "Heads Up" Hanson, and "Cartoonist Dunning" to the printers devil, who ever he might be. I have at home, to which place I send daily, a complete file of H. U. since the very first copy that was mimeographed here in my office, quite some time ago. You can believe me, I will treasure this file more than any other remembrance that I may have of my Army career. They will indeed be mighty interesting to look over in years to come, as we fight the battle of Richmond College, in the great War, in our memory, in our later years. There is but one great mystery that is still unsolved in my mind, in connection with "Heads Up," and that is, who is Madeline Myrtle McSpeak, the Battle Creek pen pusher of mushy repute? Well, my dear Editor, rather than tire you out, I will close this message, although I could write about Debarth. 52 and H. U. for hours at a time. With the hope that our acquaintance and friendship may be renewed in civil life, and that our motto will always be as we fight the great battle of life, "Heads Up," I close, assuring you that I am,

Verv sincerely yours,

CHESTER M. HOLLISTER,

Hospital Sgt., Med. Dept., U. S. Army.

ABOUT THE SERGEANT MAJOR'S LETTER.

1. Thanks, you are very kind.
2. The printers devil referred to is a man-angel down town called Mr. Percival.
3. Will the Sergeant Major please forward any mail for Miss Madaline Myrtle McSpeak of Battle Creek to Camp Stuart, Newport News, Va., care of G. N. Slattery. (Editor's Note.—Maybe Miss McSpeak has secretly married Captain Slattery. We don't know, Sarge).
4. You didn't know it and very few do but Pvt. Midkiff has been a right-hand bower on "Heads Up."



THUS AND SINGING AS TH " N.

With number thirty blank strangling us, the undertaker called, loving relations opening and fanning us, our wrists

through our half closed eyes we timidly view our puppets and ask you to take them down tenderly, and softly lay them away in our memory box. Majors Crosbie, Galbreath, Col. McKenna, the Harts, the Morgans, the Tobeys, the Methenys, the Lambs, Reppy, Jimmy, Bodaline, Schurm, Kramer, Hatch, Ken, Joe, Lohney, Daddy, the Mills, the Careys, Karl Morrison, KaCy, Slats, Rundquist, Walke, Bruns—gently and very gently these and slope them in—Miss Jordon, Miss Purdon, Miss Griffith, Miss Jude, Miss Jones, Miss Lee, Miss McGill, the Misses Bell and Miss Farrell, and Miss McGarrity, and Lila and Mary Dee and Little Eva Mac and Tooley, and Bott Ard Grant and Holgren and Neitzke. And closely now for there are many and not much room—Feg, the Lute, Hollister, McDermott, Bowen, Durrance, Moore, Troupe, Porterfield, Hanson, Dunning, Midkiff, Shankweiler, Miller, Rowe, Stauffer, Hartley, "Shimmie" Campbell, Leighton, "Hair Tonic" Shevy, McKune, Phipps, Duffy, Robinson, Spede, Bixler, "Ezra" Shiplett, Young, Albitz, Whitney, Bauchman, Hennessey.

Yes, these and others we take down and gently lay away. Yes, and Dominic's Petersburg, and the pigs and Scotty and Shep. And so now Thackerwise with our puppets away, we say "the play is done, the curtain falls low—hanging to the prompter's bell" and as was in the beginning and is now, we say again with curtain all but down:

"ANNOUNCEMENTS."

Train leaves at nine A. M. Tomorrow.

"INFORMATION"

Annual copy every March 15th.
THE WEATHER—Damp.

("If it's here it's true.")

"BOOKS"

"Heads Up" file.

"TIPS"

Let's Go.
Heads (Up) Out but never Down.
Every man on our police force! NAIL that piece of (discharge) paper!
Write home.
Red lights.
Keep up your insurance.
Beware of the lake.
Police up.
Trolley stop THIRTY, All out!
See you t-m-r-o—